

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leave you tell night, you are welcome to Elsinore.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function suting

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigdion linerd, and lack gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should a fatted all the region kytes

With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,

Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Ass am I, this is most braue,

That I the sonne of a deere murdered,

Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,

Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, sic vppont, foli.

About my braues; hum, I haue heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Haue by the very cunning of the scene,

Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:

For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake

With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players

Play something like the murther of my father

Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,

Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench.

I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene

May be a deale, and the deale hath power

T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,

Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds

More relatiue then this, the play's the thing

Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-
densterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,

But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,

But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofen

When we would bring him on to some confession

To

G.

Of